

15 Words 15c **Farmer Classified Ads** Phone 1208

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(Continued.)

"I don't think they are out for meanness," he announced when he returned. "They tell me this place is on a sort of short cut from some of the Truckee lakes down to the villages. But we got to keep a sharp eye on our horses, and we got to stand guard to-night."

Very early in the morning, when we were just up, several of the elders came over to tell us that some of the young men would stay to work for us, if we so desired. We replied that we had no goods with which to pay for work. Shortly after the whole tribe vanished down the river.

A week passed, and we had almost forgotten our chance visitors. One day the two Spaniards, Buck Barry and I were at the cradle. Bagsby, Yank and McNally were the hunters for the day. Johnny and Missouri Jones kept camp.

We had had a most successful morning and were just stacking our tools preparatory to returning to camp for dinner. Buck Barry was standing near some small sage bushes at the upper end of the diggings. He was just in the act of lighting a freshly filled pipe when he stopped as though petrified.

The burning match suspended above the bowl of his pipe. Then he turned quickly toward the sage brush, and as he did so a bow twanged, and an arrow sang past his head, so close as actually to draw blood from the lobe of his ear. With a roar of anger Buck Barry raised his pickaxe and charged into the bush. We saw a figure rise from the ground, dash away, stumble flat. Before the man could get up again Buck Barry was upon him, and the pickaxe descended. At the same instant we heard a series of whoops and two shots in rapid succession from the direction of camp. Buck Barry came bounding out of the sage brush and seized his rifle from under the bush where we had kept them.

"Come on!" he panted. "Let's get out of this!"

We ran as hard as we could for a hundred yards, or until we had reached the flat of the river bottom. Then we paused, uncertain as to just what next to do.

"Wait a minute," said I. "I'll just take a look," and hurried up a little spur knoll to the right. From that elevation I instantly caught sight of a crowd of Indians coming up the valley at full speed. Most of them were on horseback, but a number loped along on foot, keeping up with the animals. One look was enough. I raced down to my companions again, and we hastily took refuge in the only cover near enough to conceal us—a little clump of willows in a small damp watercourse. There we crouched, rides ready.

On Trail of the Indians. I WAS terribly excited. The patter of the horses was now plainly audible, though, owing to the inequalities of the ground, they could not become visible farther than a hundred yards away. I trembled violently and cursed myself for a coward, though I really do not think I was frightened. At any rate, I became deadly cool the moment the first savage appeared, and I drew a steady bead and toppled him off his horse before any one else had got in action. The shot brought them to a stand. They halted, I think, expecting to find us in our mine and were surprised. Immediately I dropped the butt of my rifle to the ground and began reloading. A shower of arrows flew toward us, but were deflected by the crisscross of the willows. In fact, this lacework of stout branches seemed to be an excellent sort of armor against arrows. In the meantime my companions had each dropped his gun, though Vasquez had better luck than skill, as his savage was only clipped in the leg. I fired once more and elicited a howl. There could be no missing at the distance unless a man quite lost his head, and personally I was too scared for that. Another shower of arrows rattled in the willows, then the band broke to right and left and raced away up the hills like mad. They had no courage and lost stomach for the fight at once when they found us prepared.

We were astonished and delighted, for we had fully expected to be ridden down. As soon as we were quite certain this sudden retreat was not a ruse we came out from our shelter. How many wounded had made off, if any, we could not tell. Three dead bodies lay on the ground. To them we paid no attention, but, with many forebodings, hurried back to camp.

When we appeared in sight Missouri Jones ran out to meet us, his hide over his arm.

"Where's Johnny?" he cried.

"He was down by the river getting water," said Jones, "and I ain't seen him since."

We all ran down to the edge of the river pool whence we drew our supply. For a moment our hearts stood still, for no Johnny was in sight. Then he arose dripping from the middle of the pool.

"This water's cold," he remarked conversationally. "I think I'll come out. Anybody hurt?"

He waded ashore and shook himself like a dog.

"I didn't hear 'em until they were right on top of me, and I couldn't get away without being seen," said he, "so I just waded out and imitated a rock with my head."

We roared with laughter by way of relief.

"It isn't the first time, Johnny," said I.

"That's all right," put in Missouri Jones. "This is no joke. They got three of our horses."

Then he told us his experience.

"I was just a-brownin' of the venison," he explained, "when I happened to look up, and there was three of our horses running off tails up, and a half dozen Indians a-hossback driving 'em. I let drive with old Betsy and John."

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dawn." Accordingly we dismounted and drew together in a little group. Over the top of the great ranges a gibbous moon rose slowly. By her dim light I could make out the plunge on either side our ridge and the other dark ridges across the way. Behind us our horses occasionally stamped a hoof or blew through their noses.

I lay flat on my back and idly counted the stars. Happening to glance sideways, I caught the flicker of a distant light.

"Bagsby," I whispered, "there's a fire barely more than a half mile away." He, too, lay down in order to get my angle of view.

"It's not McNally," he pronounced after a moment's careful inspection, "for it's too big a fire, and it's a lot more than half a mile away. That's a good big fire. I think it's Indians."

"Probably the same gang that lifted our horses," cried Buck.

"Probably," agreed Bagsby. He sat upright and peered at us through the dim moonlight. "Want to get after them?" he inquired.

"You bet!" said Buck emphatically. "They may have McNally, and if they haven't they've got our horses."

"There's six of us, and we can share make it interesting for that lot," agreed Yank. "Can we get to where they are?"

"I think so," said Bagsby. "We rode for another hour, slanting down the mountain side toward the flickering fire. Every time a horse rolled a rock or broke a dried branch it seemed to me that the mountains reverberated from end to end. I don't believe I allowed myself to weigh over six ounces all told. Finally we left the slope for the bottom of the valley."

"I'd rather be below their camp than above it. It's going to be hard to get out this way," complained Bagsby, "but it's the best we can do." He dismounted, and we crept forward another half mile, leading our animals.

"This is as close as I dare take the horses," whispered Bagsby. "Vasquez, you stay here with them," he said in Spanish, "and when I yell twice quick and sharp you answer, so we'll know where to find you. Come on!"

We raised our pieces, but before the command to fire was given one of the sleepers threw aside his blanket, stretched himself and arose. It was a white man!

I confess that for a moment I turned physically sick.

"Hello!" called Bagsby, quite unmoved.

The white man seized his rifle, and the recumbent forms leaped to life.

"Who are you?" he demanded sharply. "Speak quick!"

"Keep yore ha'r on!" drawled the trapper, advancing into the light. "We're perfectly respectable miners, once looking for a lost man, and we saw your camp."

The rest of us uttered a yell of joy and relief. One of the men who had been sleeping around the fire was McNally himself.

We drew together, explaining, congratulating. The strangers, six in number, turned out to be travelers from the eastern side of the ranges. They listened with interest and attention to our account of the Indian attack. McNally explained that he had been uncertain of his route in the dark, so that when he caught sight of the fire he had made his way to it. We were still engaged in this mutual explanation when we were struck dumb by a long drawn out yell from the direction of our own camp.

"It's Vasquez," explained Barry. "He wants to let us know where he is." And he answered the yell.

But at that moment one of our own horses dashed up to the bunch of picketed animals and wheeled, trembling. Its rope bridle dangled broken from its head. Sam Bagsby darted forward to seize the hanging cord.

"It's cut!" he cried. "Quick! Out across the valley, boys!"

We followed him into the moonlight, grasping our rifles. A moment later a compact band swept toward us at full speed, our horses in the lead, their rope halters dangling, a dozen Indians on horseback following close at their heels and urging them on.

"Shoot, boys!" yelled Bagsby, discharging his own piece.

Our rifles cracked. It was impossible to take aim, and I am sure we hit nothing. But the horses swerved aside from the flickery flashes, and so ran into the picketed lot and stopped. The Indians flew on through our scattered line without stopping, pursued by a sputter of shots from our Colt's revolvers.

"A while ago I was sorry we had to stop above camp," said Bagsby, with satisfaction, "but it was a lucky thing for us. They had to come by us to get out."

"And Vasquez?" Yank struck across our exultation.

"(To Be Continued.)"

Farmer Want Ads. One Cent a Word

WANTED 1,000 MEN

A-1 Tool and Gauge Makers, experienced Adjusters on milling machine work, Assemblers, Filers, Milling, Drilling, Profiling, and Lathe Hands, experienced Gun Barrel Drillers, Riflers and Straighteners, also Woodworkers for gunstock department. Men to act as inspectors who have had five to ten years' shop experience. Highest wages paid. Piece rates now established in most all manufacturing departments. Excellent working conditions. Our plant is the last word in manufacturing lines, sanitary, perfect light, and equipped with the latest type machines.

THE REMINGTON ARMS CO. Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

TODAY'S WANTS

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES resharpened, 25c dozen. 1939 Main St. D 23 s p

ONE FURNISHED ROOM for light housekeeping or two unfurnished by July 1st for man, wife and child, about \$4 or \$5. Address Box M. F. H., this paper. D 23 b p

PIANO \$95—Keller upright walnut case with empire top, good condition. \$1 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St. near State. D 23 s a

PIANO \$125 — Mathushek upright. Thoroughly overhauled. \$1.25 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St. near State. D 23 s a

STEINWAY PIANO—Less than one half original price. Second hand, but guaranteed to be in fine condition. \$2.50 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St. near State. D 23 s a

AEOLIAN PLAYER PIANO—Has been used, but guaranteed same as new. Liberal discount from regular price. \$2.50 weekly. Steiner's Piano Store, 915 Main St. near State. D 23 s a

MRS. C. M. DONOVAN, THE NURSE, has removed to 737 Iranistan Ave. Tel. 2083-12. D23 d p

WANTED TO BUY all kinds of second hand furniture. Geo. F. Torrance, Redfield's old stand, 43 Harrison street. Phone 1015-2. D 21 t t

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 5 t t

OWNERS OF REAL ESTATE—Would like to communicate with the owners of property who wish to dispose of same. Have prospective purchasers for large houses, two and three family houses in east End, business property, East Side; also two and three family houses, East Side. M. B. Loller, 196 Fairfield avenue. Phone 907-2. D28 d a

POSITIONS WANTED

WANTED—A companion to elderly lady or sick person; also housekeeper to widower or kitchen work; thoroughly capable. Apply 106 Catherine street. R

DOCTOR

THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropeathy, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfeld, Douglas practitioner. Security Building. Tel. 6788; consultation free. B 17 a

MONUMENTS MAUSOLEUMS M. G. KEANE

Stratford Ave., Opp. St. Michael's Cem. BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

MONUMENTS ARTISTIC—LASTING

Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools

HUGHES & CHAPMAN 800 STRATFORD AVENUE Phone Connection

FREEMILL BAPTISTS.

The first church of the Freemill Baptists was established at New Durham, N. H., 136 years ago today, June 30, 1780. The church now has a membership in the United States and Canada of about 60,000, with about 900 churches and a thousand ministers. Benjamin Randall of New Hampshire, a convert of George Whitefield, was the founder of the sect. He preached the doctrine of general atonement and the innate capacity of fallen man to accept salvation. This led to a separation, the Arminian party in New Hampshire following Randall's leadership. The first quarterly meeting was held in 1804, and the first general conference in 1827. The sect then discarded foot-washing as a religious rite, and adopted anti-slavery views in politics. Before the civil war they refused fellowship with slave-holding Baptists in the South, and it was not until after the abolition of slavery that the sect was established in the south. A branch called the Original Freemill Baptists exists in the Carolinas, and they regard the washing of feet and the anointing of sick with oil as necessary religious rites.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES

Stranded at Pointe Platte, Miquelon Island, since June 20, the British steamer Arachuc has been refueled.

So many people visit the bathing beaches to disapprove the shocking costumes there worn, that it is hard to find room on the shore.

It is claimed school teachers should be more graceful. Yet they practice waltzing the small boys around the room.

TO RENT—Above St. Vincent's hospital, five room flat with barn if desired. J. H. Keenan, 125 Harmony. Telephone 343-12. R27 r p

AMBULANCES—Invalid cars and limousines. Charges reasonable. James T. Bourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d s

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zalmom Goodsell & Co., No. 1934 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 s t

Awnings and Sail Maker

SALES, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS, Spray Hoods, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 175 East Main street. Tel. 8948. S 16 d s

Clairvoyants

MRS. LEVY, readings 25c and 50c. Telephone 5552. 1152 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 t t

JEWELRY

DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and gold jewelry. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rothblum, 425 State St. downstairs. R 9 t t

Foot Specialist

DR. MANSFIELD, FOOT SPECIALIST, 1107 Main street, over Dillon's, cures bunions, callouses pared, 50 cents. I still practice the famous Mansfield Method which cures. Open afternoons and Sundays. D18 d s

Furniture

SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. S 10 a t

Insurance

DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-2c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Booth & Co., Conn. Bank Building. S 15 t t

Inventors

WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor. Conn. National Bank building. B 27 t t

Merchants' Exchange

Edwin Smith & Co. dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 55 Wall St., Tel. 4298-3.

RUBBER STAMPS made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, driers, rubber type, etc. The Schwerdt Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. Q 26 d a

Shoe Repairing

GOODYEAR & JOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 945 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We do all kinds of shoe repair work. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 t t

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 10c complete with two sets of envelopes for \$6.50. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. L 19 t t

Stoves Repaired

STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 2349-4. G 8 t t

Unclassified

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewife. Nice profit. Write for free booklet. The Powell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 a s

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, \$1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 a s p

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS \$2 and \$5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. J. J. Lynch, 468 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 t t

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain. Owen Farm stock, \$2.50 per 15. S. C. White Leghorns, Barron strain, \$1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Thompson St., Box 203, Stratford. U 22 b t p

Upholsterers

WE WILL COVER and furnish all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for \$12 to \$15. Sealy's, 370a, 408 State street. L 6 t t

Safes

SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter A. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 37 t t

WANTED SECRETARIAL POSITION BY YOUNG WOMAN

EXPERIENCED AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE INQUIRE. S. J. W. CARE FARMER

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